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'What Will the Harvest Be?'

One parable Jesus told the people was of a sower who went out to sow seed. And as he cast the seeds about some of them fell by the wayside; and the birds came and ate them up; some fell on stony places where they had not much earth to grow in, and they sprang up fast, because they were not deep in the ground; but when the sun came out, it burned them up quite dry, for they had no root; and some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprang up and choked them—that is, did not leave them room to grow. But some fell on good ground, and grew up and brought forth much fruit.

THE SOWER.

The Apostles did not quite know what hidden meaning there was in this Parable, so Jesus told them.

The seed meant the Word of God; the sower, a servant of God who had to teach the Word. The seed that fell by the wayside meant that the words had not been cared for by those who heard them, and the Wicked Spirit then made them forget all they had heard. That which fell on stony places and had no depth of earth, meant those who at first are glad to hear of God's love, and seem as if they would be His children; but their goodness has 'no root,' and so a little trouble makes them give up trying. We must all ask God to keep us Christ's children. The seed that fell among thorns meant that sometimes when men have been taught about God, they let the love of money and the cares of life and its pleasures fill their minds so that they have no time or thought to give to God, or to read and pray. Those seeds that fell on good ground meant the children or men who listen to God's Word, and read it, and pray to Him for help, and try to obey it. These grow better and better, and God will love and help them.

Our Lord was often very tired when He had been making sick people well and teaching them by these lovely stories; and then He would go up a mountain alone and pray to His Father in Heaven, or cross the sea to some other place, for He had hardly time to eat or sleep. One day He was very tired and the sun had set, so He said to His disciples, 'Let us cross to the other side.' Then they sent away the crowd of people and took Jesus in the ship, and put out to sea, and there were with them many other little ships.—'The Life of our Lord.'

The Chopped Bible.

A few years ago a Bible-distributor, while passing through a village in Western Massachusetts, was told of a family in whose home there was not even the cheapest copy of the Scriptures, so intense was the hostility of the husband to Christianity. The distributor started at once to visit the family, and found the wife hanging out the week's washing. In the course of a pleasant conversation he offered her a neat-bound Bible. With a smile which said 'Thank you,' she held out her hand, but instantly withdrew it. She hesitated to accept the gift, knowing that her husband would be displeased if she took it A few pleasant words followed, in which the visitor spoke of man's need of divine direction and of the divine adaptation of the Bible to that need, and the woman resolved to take the gift. Just then the husband came from behind the house with an axe on his shoulder. Seeing the Bible in his wife's hand he looked threateningly at her, and then said to the distributor:

'What do you want, sir, of my wife?'

The frank words of the Christian man, spoken in a manly way, so softened his irritation that he replied to him with civility; but, stepping up to his wife, he took the Bible from her hand, saying:

'We've always had everything in common, and we'll have this, too.'

Placing the Bible on the chopping-block, he chopped it in two parts with one blow of the axe. Giving one part to his wife and putting the other in his pocket, he walked away. Several days after this division of the Bible he was in the forest chopping wood. At noon he seated himself on a log and began to eat his dinner. The dissevered Bible suggested itself. He took it from his pocket, and his eyes fell on the last page. He began reading, and soon was deeply interested in the story of the prodigal son, but his passion ended with the son's exclamation: 'I will arise and go to my father.' At night he said to his wife, with affected carelessness:

'Let me have your part of the Bible. I've been reading about a boy who ran away from home, and after having a hard time decided to go back. There my part of the book ends, and I want to know if he got back and how the old man received him.'

The wife's heart beat violently, but she mastered her joy, and quietly handed her husband her part without a word. He read the story through, and then re-read it. He read on far into the night, but not a word did he say to his wife. During the leisure moments of the next day his wife saw him

reading the now joined parts, and at night he said abruptly:

'Wife, I think that is the best book I ever read.'

Day after day he read it. His wife noticed his few words which indicated that he was becoming attached to it. One day he said:

'Wife, I am going to try to live by that book. I guess it's the best sort of a guide for a man.'—(American Paper.)

While we May.

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out,
With trifles scarcely thought about,
So many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Of if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear
Because the lips that spoke are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace— if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush some Hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find.
We see them; for not blind
Is love. We see them; but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just old ways—mistakes, or even less—
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours.
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light.
We will be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go.

—Frances E. Willard

Business Temptations.

If the devil should appear visibly to any of us—if he should enter undisguised, with visible horns and tail, and offer you millions for your soul, you would refuse and say: 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' But when he comes in the form of business, and says, 'Do as other people do. It may not be quite right, but everyone else does it. Do not be too puritanical. Be not righteous overmuch; why destroy yourself?' Then, perhaps, we sell our soul to him for a very paltry sum; and perhaps he cheats us out of that small sum, after all.—James Freeman Clarke.

Keep in Touch.

The cares of daily life, the temptations which beset even the best of us, the vicissitudes of everyone's experience, the bewilderments and anxieties which harass the most carefully sheltered life, all co-operate to interfere between our Heavenly Father and ourselves. They take off our attention from him and seek to focus it on worldly interests. Sometimes they even tempt us to believe that communion with him is but a dream. Yet, if once we have known it, nothing ever can wholly blot out the conviction of its genuineness and power. The richest blessings of life are due to it. We may not attain the success for which men commonly strive. Wealth may not come to us, culture may not be attained, honors may pass us by. We may not even be able to feel ourselves conspicuously useful in our own spheres. Positive disappointments and distresses may harass us, grave disasters may crush for the time. Yet, whatever happens, the soul that has once known true communion with God is able in and through it, and in spite of every hindrance, whether of prosperity or adversity, to keep in touch, if it will, with its Father—'Congregationalist.'

Taking Pains With Us.

A bar of iron worth £1, when wrought into horse shoes is worth £2. If made into needles it is worth £70. If into penknife blades it is worth £650. If into springs for watches it is worth £5,000. What a drilling the poor bar must undergo to be worth this? But the more it is manipulated, the more it is hammered, and passes through the fire and beaten and pounded and polished the greater its value. May this parable help us to be silent still and long-suffering. Those who suffer most are capable of yielding most, and it is through pain that God is getting the most out of us for His glory and the blessing of others. It will be alright some day; we shall see it and be satisfied. Yes, dear Father, we would like to be watch springs; take no heed of our cry, if we sometimes forget ourselves and say, How long?—'Kingdom Tidings.'

Tea-meeting Grace.

An English Minister writes to the Editor of the 'Christian World.' As a 'Tea-meeting Grace' we have for many years used the first two verses of Milton's hymn, 'Let us with a gladsome mind.' The difficulty is to find something which people generally know, otherwise the following might be a fairly good one.

We render thanks, O Lord,
For all Thy mercies given;
We pray Thee feed our souls
With Living Bread from heaven,
And while we thus our Voices raise
O may our Lives show forth Thy praise.

—From St. Goderic.

Hindrances to Usefulness.

Speaking at Keswick from the text. 'Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace,' the Rev. J. B. Figgis said: 'How often do you think that a husband who is fond of prayer-meetings, but also fond of money, wins to Christ a worldly wife? How often do you think a friend who loves meetings and conventions, but who loves the world too, who has a great deal of personal vanity, perhaps—how often do you suppose that such a one wins a soul to Christ? Even the world cries shame upon Christians when they are inconsistent. Even the world finds fault with Christians, and says in effect, "I would have better Christianity than that, or I would have none of it." "Well," you say, "it is rather hard to be attacked by the world, when it is keeping away from Christ, and is keeping close to a whole bundle of sins." It may be hard, but facts are hard things; and this is the fact, and you will have to reckon with it and to deal with it."'

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My Refuge.

(These lines were written by Ellen Lakshmi Goreh, a Brahmin of the highest caste, adopted daughter of the Rev. T. Stone, Bradford, England.)

In the secret of His presence, how my soul delights to hide;
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the 'secret place' I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, neath the shadow of his wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring;
And my Saviour rests beside me as we hold communion sweet,
If I tried, I could not utter what he says when thus we meet.

Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts and griefs and tears;
Oh, how patiently He listens, and my drooping soul he cheers.
Do you think he ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be,
If he never, never, told me of the sins which He must see.

Do you think that I could love Him half so well, or as I ought,
If he did not tell me plainly of each sinful word and thought?
No! He is very faithful, and that makes me trust Him more:
For I know that He does love me, tho' He wounds me very sore.

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow; this shall then be your reward;
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting-place,
You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face.

You will surely lose the blessing and the fulness of your joy,
If you let dark clouds distress you, and your inward peace destroy,
You may always be abiding, if you will, at Jesus' side;
In the secret of His presence you may every moment hide.

'Suppose You and I Make a Beginning.'

The late William E. Dodge, Sr., used to relate that his honored father, David Dodge, an earnest Christian, was once in conversation with a devout and ardent Quaker, who, like himself, immensely desired to hasten the triumph of Christ's kingdom. They were dwelling upon the strange apathy of the church; the inertness, dullness and sluggishness of most Christians as to the salvation of souls, the progress of the church, and, in general, the glory of God on earth. They agreed as to the immeasurable importance of greater zeal, the sin of unbelief, of indolence in Christ's service, and the instant demand that Christians should awake to agonizing prayer, when the honest Quaker broke in: 'Friend Dodge, suppose thee and I make a beginning.' No better suggestion was ever made. The place to begin is here, and the time now. Christians here on earth are not chiefly spectators to see how others work, and the glorious results, but are themselves to be workers, and co-workers with od. Aristotle says: 'The beginning is more than half.' Let every Christian who is deficient begin at once. 'Carpe diem.' The time is short. If not 'thee and I,' let it at least be, 'I now and here will make a beginning.'—S. W. B., in 'Presbyterian.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Lifters and Learners.

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day;
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the good and the bad, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad and the bad are half good.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's busy span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

No! the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are ever divided in just these two classes.

And strangely enough you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty two lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or, are you a leaner who lets others bear
Your portion of worry and labor and care?

'The British Weekly.'

Loyal to the Core.

(Rilda Richmond, in the 'N. C. Advocate.')

'No there is nothing brilliant about George,' the proprietor of the printing establishment remarked, 'but he is loyal to the core. We have had office boys who told things they should have kept still about, but George has been with us two years now and we have never known a single instance where he could not be trusted. He was sixteen then and took the lowest place we had, but has steadily advanced till now we are thinking of putting him in charge of the job press room very soon.'

'Don't you think that is the secret of success everywhere,' asked the friend who was being shown the workings of the plant. 'The person who isn't loyal has few other good qualities. For my part I want nothing to do with boys who feel they have no responsibility after the doors close at six o'clock till the next morning. I always like to advance as fast as possible boys who show an interest in us, but the young man who tells of the mistakes we make, in his opinion, very soon finds himself out of a job.'

And when you think of it carefully, there is much truth in what both men said. The boy who tells adverse things about the office or confides business secrets to competitors, is just as much dishonest as the one who steals money, though it may not appear as bad on the surface. Remember that it is absolutely none of your business how your employer wants his work done, if he is willing to pay for it. You may think you know a great deal better how to manage than he does, but that remains to be shown. When you have your own store, if you ever do, you will not thank the 'smart' young men who want to run your affairs for you.

A great deal has been said about the subject of honesty for boys, but to be honest does not mean you must disclose secrets belonging to others. 'Would you have me tell a lie?' asked a youth indignantly when rebuked for letting out a business secret. 'He asked me and what could I say?' The employer pointed out the mistake and said gravely, 'You should have said nothing. We expect our clerks to be loyal to us, and can employ no one who has not learned discretion.' If there are things in the lives of your employers that you cannot approve of, you need not mention them. Of course no boy would want to remain with dishonest men no matter what inducements they offered, but little faults and failings should never be spoken of to anyone.

The boy who is loyal to his family is almost certain to be loyal in any place he may occupy. Every once in a while you hear some young man, or woman, speaking in young people's meeting and saying sadly he is the only Christian in the home, but loyalty should seal his lips. It is all right to ask the minister or some friend to pray and talk with loved ones, but to publicly proclaim such delinquencies is enough to discourage the other members of the family. If there be things in the family—and perfect people are scarce—that should be kept as quiet as possible, by all means do so. Be sure the world will think better of you for being loyal under all circumstances, and you gain nothing by telling your troubles.

Loyalty to one's church is more rare than it should be, too. Is is so easy to stay away if the music or the sermon or the members or any one of a dozen things do not suit our fancy. Some young people wander from one church to another till they lose the home feeling entirely. The minister cannot suit every one, and it may be your ideas are all wrong anyway, so why expect him to cut his sermons according to your pattern? Blessed be the faithful men and women who loyally stand by their church through evil as well as good report, and are ever ready to do what they can for their Master! If there are squabbles in the choir, they do not enjoy spreading the dire news abroad, and if some one happens to say an unkind thing about them, their feelings are never ruffled to the degree that they demand a letter so they can enter another church. Every congregation has members who might be improved, but 'all we like sheep have gone astray,' and it is well to remember that before running to the minister to tell our troubles. Form the habit of being in your place every Sunday and always ready to speak a good word for the church and its work. Ruskin says if you steadily do your duty you will come to enjoy even the hard things before long, and that is the way with going to church where everything does not entirely suit. The little things that annoy are soon lost in the greater benefits derived from the worship, and you will speedily find yourself wondering why you ever made any objections.

And last and more important than all, be loyal to God. The promises are sure to those who believe, but when we wander from the fold we find ourselves in doubt and fear. In prosperity and in adversity cling close to his guiding hand and all will be well. The murmuring people of old said, 'It is vain to serve God,' but the fault was with them and not with the Father above. In thought, in word, and in deed be loyal to our God and his Christ, for in so doing you will make your life rich and full here below, and in the end find an abundant entrance into the glory that shall be hereafter.

The Story in the Face.

We often fail to realize how thoroughly the face is an index of character. Children recognize instinctively whom they can trust.

The life we live writes its story on the features. Purity or sensuality, intelligence or ignorance, kindliness or cynicism, trace their record in broad characters which every one can read. The artist or the criminologist can read more of the details of the story which the lines and furrows tell, but all the world can understand the face that bears the seal of virtue or of vice, of Christ-likeness or of brutality and sin.

An exchange tells of an infidel Swiss artist who was converted merely by studying the faces of a very humble band of Christians. He was commissioned to make a caricature of a Salvation Army meeting in Sheffield, England. 'He went there on that errand and scanned the faces of the people; he—with his heart like the troubled sea that could not find rest, tossed and driven by tempests of passion, and tormented by a conscience burdened by sin—looked on the assembled worshippers and saw peace written on their faces, and an inward joy beaming from their countenances. The sight convinced him of his sinfulness. He saw that those people had what he had not, and what he needed; and the faces were the means of leading him to Christ, and the peace which Christ alone can give.'

The face of the Christian may not shine as that of Moses did when he came from Sinai, but Christ's seal is set upon it, and, in proportion as he lives Christ, it reflects the purity and love and peace of the Lord, and is a help and inspiration to weaker souls.—'Lutheran Observer.'

Jim's Father.

A boy of fourteen was left fatherless, and was taken upon the farm by a kind neighbor, in order to earn his own livelihood. Poor Jim felt very sorrowful and lonely at times, and longed often with a great longing to have his father back again to speak kindly to him, and to put his hand on his head with the old familiar good-night gesture he remembered so well. But all in vain. Father could never come back again. He had gone to be with God.

EARNING HIS OWN LIVELIHOOD.

Late one evening Jim sat in the chimney-corner, and as he gazed into the fire, the big tears would come up into his eyes and run down his cheeks. Big boy as he was, he was ashamed to let others see that he was pining for his father's love, and so turned his face resolutely to the wall. The farmer, who had been watching the lad attentively for some time, at last laid a kindly hand on his shoulder.

'Jim, lad, what ails you? You need a father to take care of you, it seems to me.'

The words were kindly spoken, and the boy's heart overflowed. He burst into tears.

'I wish I had a father to care for me,'

'You might have had one all along, if you hadn't run away from him.'

'I?' cried the boy. 'I never ran away. My father died two years ago.'

'One father died then. The other is still living.'

Jim knew then what Farmer Lightfoot meant, but he said nothing at all.

'You have a Father in heaven from whom you have wandered, who loves you more than your earthly father did, and is more

able to help you than he was. You had better go to Him, and let Him help you.'

'How?' asked Jim in a low voice.

'Go away by yourself and pray to Him. Tell Him that you are a poor friendless boy, and that you want Him to forgive you, and to give you a heart to love and serve Him. Be in earnest, and He will hear you.'

That night Jim went into the barn and tried to find His heavenly Father. He came like the prodigal son of long ago, and I am glad to tell you he very soon found out he had still a Father living to care for him. —'Friendly Greetings.'

My Elm Tree.

(Edward A. Collier in the 'Christian.')

Before my window stands a tree
I planted on the very morn
When Helen came, the last of three
Within a happy household born.

My tree, when scorching suns would sere,
Gives leaves to a kindly pail;
But when comes autumn, cold and drear,
To let the sunshine in, they fall.

My tree bears fruit the summer through,
In swinging nests that orioles weave,
In songs of birds of many a hue,
In calls of katydids at eve.

All birds watch o'er my elm tree fair;
The winter birds, that never roam,
Go up and down its trunk so bare.
To knock at every insect's home.

But why, ye birds, I fain would know—
If I your secret thought may learn—
Why guard my tree 'mid cold and snow
Until the summer birds return?

'Because,' an answering nuthatch said,
'Because all winter long we see
A feast for hungry birds is spread
Upon your near magnolia tree.'

'Oh, boys and girls, be ever kind
To birds and every living thing;
God made them all, and you shall find
Your kindness His reward shall bring.

'Thumbs!'

'Sorry, my lad, but you won't suit!'

Philip Dalton, with an air of reluctance, left the desk of the venerable merchant to make way for the next of a number of applicants, all of whom were eager for the coveted position.

'Won't suit!' he echoed, as, in passing through the general office, he was confronted by a large mirror. 'A bit of farce, too,' he muttered, as he recollected one clause of the advertisement: 'Applicants must be of respectable appearance.'

The bump of self-esteem was by no means undeveloped in Phil Dalton and he drew himself up to his full height as he chuckled: 'Respectable appearance, eh?' at the same time taking in a full survey of his dignified form, which, from the carefully parted hair to the highly polished footwear, proclaimed him every inch a gentleman.

'My appearance is not at fault, certainly. What's the trouble, then? Mr. MacKinnon complimented my fine penmanship, so that I passed muster in that line.'

Just then he heard the words, 'You'll suit' and gave a quick glance in the direction of the private office. 'Humph! Old Mac's evidently easily pleased, after all. That chap looks about as green as they grow—there's country stamped all over him. He'd be better employed, seems to me, in a cabbage patch than as invoice clerk here,' and with a sullen expression and dejected air he walked out of the office.

Philip Dalton had set his heart upon the situation in question, and his disappointment did not in any way mellow his temper. In fact, his good humor diminished to such a degree that his friends scarcely recognized him as he strolled homeward, so curt were his replies to their greetings.

He was half-way home when Dr. Seymour's buggy drew up, and a cheerful voice said: 'That you, Phil? Jump in, my lad! I'm just bound in your direction.' Phil reluctantly accepted the offer, then regretted it when he perceived that the doctor was making a careful diagnosis of his mental state.

'Phil, my boy, what's up? You've evidently been in Dumpsland to-day.'

Phil tried in vain to bluff the question, but noticing the doctor's face wore an expression of the kindest interest and sympathy, he told his trouble. Then he looked the doctor full in the face:

See here, Doc., do you see anything wrong with me, that would prejudice that old fellow against me? I want the truth, mind —point blank.'

'And won't be offended to hear it?' asked the doctor, earnestly.

'Not a bit! He's a sort of old woman with lots of whims, I fancy.'

Dr. Seymour paid no attention to the last utterance of his companion, but said, abstractedly, as if to himself: 'Thumbs!'

'Thumbs?' repeated Phil in a bewildered tone.

'Yes, thumbs. See here,' and the doctor took Phil's right hand as an illustration of the little sermon he was about to deliver.

'Do you think, Phil, that Mr. MacKinnon, or any other man of common sense, would prefer to employ a young man who is addicted to the cigarette habit? All the polished manners and good clothes in the world would not make up for lack of moral force. See that thumb? It's positively brown! The left is not quite so bad, but bad enough. That's what nicotine does, my dear fellow, and if you don't stop the habit, it will stop you. I know what I am talking about. You know that a watch that is not properly cared for wears out before one that is treated well. No man, if he has a grain of sense, wants a clerk whose brains are clouded with cigarette smoking. Only last week I was called in to see a young fellow about your age, who was a victim to the habit, in the last stages. I could do nothing for him— he died from the poison. That's what you are coming to. It's plain speaking, but I am in duty bound to tell you.'

'What!' gasped Philip. 'Is that the brilliant future for me?"

'It is certainly, if you keep on at this rate, young man. Better make a right-about-turn now, before it is too late.'

Dr. Seymour's concern was so great for his young friend that he drove fully a mile further than necessary to administer this ample dose of advice and to secure Phil's promise to make a start in the right direction.

It was a very different Philip Dalton who entered Mr. MacKinnon's office a year later and expressed a wish to see that gentleman. He was soon ushered into his presence.

'It seems to me I recollect your face,' said Mr. MacKinnon, rising.

'You certainly should do so,' replied Philip, pleasantly. 'You gave me a start in life.'

'Yes, sir, when you sent me about my business a year ago.'

'How's that? I have no recollection.'

'Don't you remember? I'm the first young fellow you refused when you were receiving applications for an invoice clerk.'

'Well, to be sure! But I fail to see why you are indebted to me, since I didn't employ you.'

'If you had employed me,' remonstrated Philip, 'I might not be here now. I would probably have kept along in the same old way and succumbed to bad habits. Tell me, sir, did my thumbs prejudice you against me?'

'They did. Why?' asked the merchant in a tone of agreeable surprise.

Then Philip related the whole story of his disappointment, his chat with the doctor, and his resolution.—'Evangelical Visitor.'

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A Rain-time Prayer.

(Frank O. Moyer, in the 'Sunday School Messenger.')

O Father kind, who sendeth from above
These gentle drops of rain
To cheer the earth, and haste the birth
Of buds, and grass, and grain
O Father, like these rain drops make my love,
That every heart I know
May gain from me some strength to be
And learn, and love, and grow.

How 'His Name Shall be in Their Foreheads.'

'How will God write it, papa?' asked little Eva.

'Write what?' asked her father.

Eva got up from the low stool where she had been sitting with her book, and came across to him.

'See what it says,' said she, resting the book on his knee, and pointing. Then she read it out. '"And His name shall be in their foreheads." It's out of the Bible,' added she; 'and I know it means God, because of that big H. How will God write it, papa?'

Her father put down his book and took her on his knee. 'God will not write it at all,' said he.

'Not write it!' exclaimed Eva in astonishment. 'Then how will it come there?'

'Some things write themselves,' said her father.

Eva looked as if she didn't understand. But of course it must be true, since father said it; so she waited for him to explain.

'When you look at grandfather's silver hair,' began her father, 'what do you see written there? That he is an old, old gentleman, don't you?' continued he, as Eva hesitated, 'Who wrote it there?'

'It wrote itself,' said Eva.

Father nodded.

'Right,' said he. 'Day by day and year by year the white hairs came, until at last it was written quite as plainly as if somebody had taken pen an dink and put it down on paper for you to read.

'Now, when I look in your mouth, what do I see written there? I see, "This little girl is not a baby now, for she has all her teeth, and can eat crusts." That has been writing itself ever since the first tooth that you cut, when mother had to carry you about all night because it pained you so.'

Eva laughed.

'What a funny sort of writing!' said she.

'When little girls are cross and disobedient,' her father went on, 'where does it write itself? Look in the glass next time you are naughty, and see.'

'I know,' said Eva. 'In their faces doesn't it? And if they are good, in their faces, too. Is that what the text means?'

'That is what it means,' said father. 'Because if we go on being naughty all our lives, it writes itself upon our faces so that nothing can rub it out. But if we are good, the angels will read upon our foreheads that we are God's. So you must try, day by day, to go on writing it.'—'Presbyterian Witness.'

Why the Sermon was Dull.

'The dullest sermon I ever listened to!' exclaimed Sam, petulantly, as he came home from church.

'Yes,' replied grandpa, a twinkle in his eye. 'I thought so myself.'

'Did you, grandpa?' exclaimed Sam, glad to have some one stand by him.

'I mean to say I thought you thought so,' replied his grandpa. 'I enjoyed it, because my appetite was whetted for it before I went to church. I noticed it was just the other way with you.'

'Just the other way! How?' Sam demanded.

'Why, before you went,' answered grandpa, 'instead of sharpening your appetite for the sermon, you dulled it by reading that trashy paper. Then, instead of sitting straight up and looking at the minister, while he preached, as though you wanted to catch every word he said, and every ex-

pression of his face, you lounged down in your seat, and turned half-way around. I never knew anybody who could hear a sermon right from the side of his head.

'Then you let your eyes rove about the church and out of the window. That dulled the sense. You dulled your ears by listening to a dog that was barking and the milkman's bell and the train puffing into the station. You dulled your mind and soul by thinking you were a terribly abused boy for having to go to church and stay through the sermon, and you made yourself a dull listener; and I never knew it to fail in my life that a dull listener made a dull sermon.'—The 'Armory.'

Stand to Your Helm.

No ship drifts into harbor. The ocean of life has many a hidden current, many a sudden storm; and he who would win port at last must stand to his helm, while his ship drives on through opposing currents and against contrary winds. The perils of the voyage are very real; the sailor sails on a sea that is strewn with wrecks. Here drifts a battered hulk which was once a gallant ship; but now, helm and compass lost, she is driven on by wind and waves to the terrible shores, from whosec ruel rocks and savage breakers she shall not escape. There float the spars and cordage of a richly laken bark—too richly laden—which has sunk into the depths in the very midst of her course. In this sea, nothing drifts except to the shores of destruction; and few ships come into port which have not battled long with angry head-winds.

Pleasant weather there may be in the voyage of life, but never weather so pleasant that the hand may leave the helm, or the eye the compass. Where there is least peril of storm, there may be most peril of being carried away from the right course by an unnoticed current. Keep, then, the eye upon the compass, the hand upon the rudder. That is the only sure way of arriving at the desired haven. To let go the helm and to allow the ship to drift before the winds and the waves, may seem to be the easiest, the most natural, even the most enjoyable, thing to do, but a voyage which is conducted on that mistaken principle is sure, sooner or later, to end on the cruel rocks, on the treacherous sands, or in the devouring sea.—Selected.

'When the Bee Stung Mother'

A young man was asked when he first trusted in Christ. His answer was: 'When the bee stung mother.'

When he was a little boy he was playing before the door, while his mother was working inside. Suddenly a bee came buzzing at the door, and the child ran in to his mother, followed by the bee. The mother saw it, and hid her boy behind her. The bee fastened on her bare arm, and stung her severely. She turned round, took the child, and showed him her arm. There was the place where she was stung, and there was the bee slowly crawling up her arm.

'You need not fear the bee now, Willie,' she said, 'for it has no sting. It cannot hurt you. It's sting is here.' She showed him a little black speck in the wound. 'The bee never can sting again.'

And then she took her little boy on her knee and told him the story of the love of Jesus: How the sinner, pursued by God's broken law, by the sting of death, which is sin, by the wrath of a righteous God, could find no shelter save behind the cross of Christ; while in that Spotless One who hung there, was plunged the fatal sting; on him fell the storm; to that One was meted out the wrath, the stripes, bruises, the wounds, which were the sinner's due; and all the sinner now had to do was to take the sinner's place, and accept the Smitten Lamb of God as a personal Saviour, look at death in the face—harmless—because all its sting had been exhausted in Christ, and nothing now remained but to bow in thankfulness and praise to the One who is mighty to save. 'For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.'—Selected.

The Watered Lilies.

The Master stood in His garden,
Among the lilies fair,
Which His own right hand had planted,
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye,
That His flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

'My lilies need to be watered,'
The Heavenly Master said;
'Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head.'

Close to His feet on the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled, as He gently whispered,
'This shall do my work to-day.

'It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me,
It is so small, but it is empty—
That is all it needs to be.'

So to the fountain He took it,
And filled it full to the brim;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him!

He poured forth the living water
Over His lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty,
And again He filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again;
And the Master saw with pleasure
That His labor had not been in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers;
But He used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,
As He laid it aside once more,
'Still will I lie in His pathway,
Just where I did before.

'Close will I keep to the Master,
Empty will I remain,
And perhaps some day He may use me,
To water His flowers again.'

—Selected.

'Are You a Lady?'

Little acts of courtesy put the sunshine into life. Who has not felt the day brighten from a kindly act done them, or even from a cheerful good-morning?

The following pretty anecdote speaks for itself. As a young lady walked hurriedly down Regent-street on a bleak November day, her attention was attracted to a deformed boy coming toward her, carrying several bundles. He was thinly clad, twisted his limbs most strangely as he walked, and looked before him with a vacant stare. Just before the cripple reached the brisk pedestrian he stumbled and dropped one bundle, which broke open and emptied a string of sausages on the pavement.

One or two richly-dressed ladies drew their skirts aside as they passed. One of them exclaimed, 'How awkward!' A lad stood grinning at the mishap, and a schoolgirl, amused by the boy's look of blank dismay, gave vent to her feelings in a half-suppressed laugh, and then went on without taking any further interest.

All this increased the boy's embarrassment. He stooped to pick up the sausages, only to let fall another parcel, when in despair he stood and looked at his spoils. In an instant the bright-faced stranger stepped to the boy's side, and in a tone of thorough kindness said:

'Let me hold those other bundles while you pick up what you have lost.'

In dumb astonishment the cripple handed all he had to the young Samaritan, and devoted himself to securing his cherished sausages. When these were again strongly tied in the coarse ,torn paper, her skilful hands replaced the parcels on his scrawny arms, as she bestowed on him a smile of encouragement, and said:

'I hope you haven't far to go.'

The poor fellow seemed scarcely to hear the girl's pleasant words, but looking at her with the same vacant stare, he said:

'Are you a lady?'

'I hope so; I try to be,' was the surprised response.

'Why?' asked the listener, her curiosity quite aroused.

'Because I've seen such as called themselves ladies; but never spoke kind and pleasant to toys like me, 'cepting to grand 'uns. I think there's two kinds—them as thinks they's ladies and isn't, and them as what tries to be and is.'—'Christian Globe.'

The Obedience of a Great Man.

Sir Henry Havelock attributed much of his success in after life to the training which he received from his father and mother. On one occasion his father told his son to meet him on London bridge at noon, but he forgot all about the appointment, and when he got home in the evening was surprised to find the lad not there.

'Where is Henry?' he asked of his wife.

She replied that the boy had gone to meet his father early in the day, and had not been back yet.

'Why,' said the father, 'he must be waiting for me on London bridge! I promised to meet him there at 12 o'clock. I told him to wait for me if I was not there at that hour, but I forgot all about it.'

It was now late in the evening. The father at once put his overcoat on to go in search of the lad. He lived a long way from London, and it was past midnight when he reached the bridge.

Sure enough, there stood the brave boy shivering with the cold. He would not move away, although cold and tired, because his father's last words on parting had been, 'Wait there for me, my boy, till I come.'

Is there any wonder that a boy who could obey so well became a great and honored man in the history of his nation.—Selected.

A Zulu Legend.

The Zulus account for their origin, says a correspondent of 'The Country Gentleman' (English), by a story of a talking elephant, who fed upon children. He met a woman laden with an axe and bundle of fagots, accompanied by her child. Seeing the elephant, she guessed his intention and pleaded:—'Spare my child, oh elephant!' The elephant refused. 'Then,' said the mother, 'if this evil must happen, swallow me, too, oh elephant. So the elephant swallowed mother and child, and they found themselves with all the other children who were eaten previously. By and by the child grew hungry, and the mother lit a fire with her fagots. She then, with her axe, cut away the elephant's flesh, and cooked it, and they all ate. As the fire burned, its great heat filled the elephant with pain, and he ran, and ran, and ran, till they felt the thunder of his hoofs racing over hill and valley. At length, exhausted, he dropped down dead. Using her axe the mother chopped and chopped until she made an opening in the elephant's side. After this, they crept out, and became a new nation in a new country.

When Bishop Phillips Brooks was at college he was not a diligent student until his twelfth year, when he recorded, on a scrap of paper, which is still preserved, this resolution:

'I, Phillips Brooks, do hereby promise and pledge myself to study henceforward, to the best of my ability.'

That resolution he strenuously kept ever after. Few men have ever read, thought, and studied more constantly or intensely.

That is the way to rise in the world. The lad who did this became one of the greatest preachers in the world.

St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

On the bed, Jim, surrounded by poultices and hot water bottles, groaned as he turned about. But the rattling in his throat seemed less, and the doctor, bending over him, spoke a bit hopefully. Mickey thought the doctor had lost a great deal of his attractiveness, for he had thrown off his coat, and rolled up his sleeves, and great beads of perspiration rolled down his face, as he wrung towels out of hot water. He went up to Mr. Daniels and spoke in low tones. 'Billy, I want cloth for poultices. See if you can get some. Anything will do, towels, napkins, anything. And I want ice.'

Mrs. Daley came at once to the rescue. 'Do you go to Rickey Madigan's, and ask him for some towels. And Mickey, do you be seein' that the gentleman don't pay Rickey as much as he asks! Sure,' she explained to the edification of the gentlemen, 'Rickey is always askin' more than he thinks he'll get! And to the saloon you could be gettin' ice.'

So Mickey guided Mr. Daniels back again to the street. But in Rickey Madigan's enticing windows there was no gleam of light; evidently midnight suppers were not in vogue in the Court. But Mickey was not daunted; he seized both handles of the door, and shook them mightily, explaining, 'Rickey lives in the back— he might be hearin 'us rap and come out!'

Rickey did hear it, and did come out, vowing vengeance on the one who had awakened him; but the sight of the silk hat at the door amazed him into silence, and he lit the gas to see them better, and then, befogged by sleep, couldn't understand what they wanted. Mr. Daniels slowly drew from his pocket a roll of bills, and held them where Rickey could see them, and he at once awakened fully, and produced from beneath his counter a half-dozen neatly folded towels, and held them forth, and to Mickey's disgust, he had no chance to show his gift at bartering, for Mr. Daniels at once paid the asked price. Then he turned to Rickey, and said calmly, 'Now, if you don't mind, give this boy what he wants to eat.

'What do you want, Mickey, speak out!'

And Mickey, partly, because there stood on the counter a row of pies, and partly because deep in his boy's soul there lay a great, unsatisfied desire to some day eat all the pie he wanted, he gasped out just the one word, 'Pie!'

Mr. Daniels couldn's decide, as he watched him eat, in unclouded appreciation, a whole mince pie, whether he or Mickey enjoyed that pie the more. As they went out, he said solemnly to Mickey, who was filled with an ineffable content, 'Mickey, if you die to-night, I'm guilty of murder. A mince pie at midnight!'

But Mickey answered soulfully, 'I could eat another!'

'If Rickey Madigan's had been closed, not so the saloon on the corner! In all the neighborhood of the Court, it was by far the most inviting place to be seen; its windows were always clean, and a welcome always ready for the one who dropped in carelessly. 'This is Flannigan's,' explained Mickey. 'It's fine in there!'

'How do you know? 'enquired Mr. Daniels sharply .

'How do I know?' echoed Mickey. 'I been there often! You get a cent in the Court for gettin' a pail of beer!'

'A cent! Good Lord, does a cent pay you for that!' Mr. Daniels' voice was very earnest. Mickey's answer was decisive, and its philosophy was unanswerable. 'It's the only way you ever get a cent—and when you're hungry, a cent is all right!'

'Mickey,' something in Mr. Daniels' voice made the boy look up quickly at him, 'Where does that door lead to?'

'Lead to?' echoed Mickey. 'Sure to Flannigan's saloon.'

'Now listen to me, Mickey, and remember what I say!' His sharp tones rang out cuttingly. 'That door leads to hell!'

For a moment Mickey was silent, then he touched Mr. Daniels slyly on the sleeve. 'Then 'tis a queer place entirely to be lookin' for ice!'

There were a good many men in the place, but they all made way for Mr. Laniels, and one of them whispered, 'Inspector.' But for an inspector he seemed very courteous and well-dressed; nor could they imagine an officer abroad at midnight with a silk hat and no umbrella, so they hovered about to learn the business of the strangely mated pair. When they went out with the ice wrapped in towels they had agreed that he was a doctor, and that evidently some one in the neighborhood was near Death's door, since a physician in a silk hat was called at midnight.

Jim was tossing restlessly about when they got back to the shop, and Mr. Daniels helped the doctor crack ice for the ice bags. Mrs. Daley urged by the doctor, went home with Mickey, promising to come again in the morning, when 'her man' had gone to work.

It was a long night to Billy Daniels, as he watched the doctor perform the thousand and little services which Jim required, and he was glad when he could help. Once when he helped to raise Jim from the pillow, he remarked, half jestingly, 'Say, Phil! You and I had many a night lark in the old college days, but we never struck anything like this!'

(To be continued.)

Dear friend—

If your Sunday School takes the "Northern Messenger" it already knows its value. If not, we want to send a sufficient number free that each scholar may have a copy for several consecutive Sundays.

It will then rest entirely with the Officers of the school whether they wish it continued at the low rate of 20 cents a year in clubs of ten or more. This is just half the regular rate and gives nearly three large papers for a cent.

Kindly show this important notice to the Officers of your school—whether you are actively connected with it or not—and suggest that they take advantage of this offer. We leave it to you to add what you will regarding the influence of the paper upon the young and the interesting nature of its contents.

The Northern Messenger is being read by nearly a quarter of a million Canadian Sunday School Children—the great City Schools all over the Dominion as well as the smallest Cross-Roads' School according it first place in their hearts.

This is our Diamond Jubilee Year and we ask our friends to recognize it by introducing the "Northern Messenger" into many new schools.

Will you try for one? It would greatly please us.

Yours Sincerely,
John Dougall & Son
publishers Montreal

N.B.—We will be starting a first class new serial story in a few weeks. Better get in line in time for that. Sunday Schools intending to send in 'Messenger' clubs for the first time for 1907, should remit at once and they will receive

the balance of this year free of charge.

At the Farm.

When Jackie and Tot go in the country, to the dear old farm, where mother takes them every summer, what do you think is one of their greatest treats? Why, feeding the ducks and geese that come waddling out of the pond to meet them. Jackie and Tot carry a bowl of food, and the birds' 'Quack! Quack!' and 'Clack! Clack!' are like music to their ears.

You see, mother has always taught them to love dumb creatures, and their pet verse is:—

Because our Father made them all,
We'll love His creatures, great and small;
They have their use, as well as we,
So tender, kind, and gentle be.

One very young calf followed them about last year as tamely as a dog, and it was a sight to see the birds flutter down for their crumbs in the early morning, for the children never forget them at breakfast time.

Mother says her little folks learn some of their best lessons at the old farm—lessons of thought for others, of gentleness to creatures who are helpless and weak, of trying to win love, and, best of all, of pleasing God by kindly deeds and care of the things He has made.—'Our Little Dots.'

A Story for the Little Ones.

There was once a bairn, just about as big as you, who had no Daddie, and no Mummie, and no Nannie, and nobody at all.

The poor wee bairn sat in the middle of a big, big field, and cried because he had nobody at all.

Presently there came by a kind cow; and the kind cow said: 'Poor wee bairn, why are you crying?' And the bairn said: 'I am crying because I have nobody at all.' And the kind cow said: 'Don't cry, poor wee bairn. I will give you some nice milk to drink.' And the kind cow gave the poor wee bairn a cupful of milk, and went away, saying: 'I must go and eat some grass now, but I will come back and give you more milk when you are hungry.' Then the poor wee bairn was alone again in the middle of the big, big field, and he began to cry again, because he had nobody at all. Presently there came by a soft sheep; and the soft sheep said: 'Poor wee bairn, why are you crying?' And the bairn said: 'I am crying because I have nobody at all.' And the soft sheep said: 'Don't cry, poor wee bairn. I will give you some warm wool to make you a comfy coat.' And the soft sheep gave the poor wee bairn some warm wool for a coat, and went away, saying: 'I must go and eat some grass now, but I will come back and give you some more wool when you are cold.' Then the poor wee bairn was alone again in the middle of the big, big field, and he began to cry again because he had nobody at all. Presently there came by a big faithful dog; and the big faithful dog said: 'Poor wee bairn, why are you crying?' And the bairn said: 'I am crying because I have nobody at all.' And the big faithful dog said: 'I will stay here with you and take care of you; and you shall never be lonely any more.'

So they sent for the masons and the carpenters, and they had a nice little house built there, right in the middle of the big, big field. It was a very comfy little house, with just room enough for the two of them. And the big faithful dog lay in front of the fire, and the wee bairn sat in a little chair close beside him; and they laughed and talked together all day long.

And whenever they were hungry the kind cow came and gave them nice milk; and whenever they were cold the soft sheep came and gave them warm wool. And the wee bairn was so happy that he never cried any more. And I dare say they live there still.—Miss Mabel A. Marsh, in the 'Westminster Gazette.'

Saving Bobbie's Tears.

Once there was a little boy, and he cried very easily, so easily that it troubled his mother very much, and yet nothing she did made Bobbie any braver about being hurt or frightened.

When Aunty Lou came to visit Bobbie she was delighted to see him again, but it was not an hour before Bobbie burst out crying, and calling, 'Mamma! Aunty Lou! Mamma!'

Both ran quickly, and he sobbed, 'I've lost my cap! I know I have!'

Mamma started to comfort him, but Aunty Lou laughed merrily, and said, 'Don't waste another tear, Bobbie. Save them for something worth while. A penny to the finder!'

In a moment Bobbie found his

cap behind the sofa, and with a shout claimed his penny.

How queerly she talked about wasting tears! But all that day and the next and the next Aunty Lou ran when Bobbie cried to see what was the reason, and every time she told him not to waste his tears, but save them for some great big hurt or fright.

At last Bobbie said, 'Aunty Lou, when will there be a big enough fright or hurt for me to use all the tears I've saved?'

And Aunty Lou said, with a twinkle in her eye, 'You've saved so many, Bobbie, I'd keep right on saving them, and have enough to cry with when you are a man and have a—big—hurt!'

Bobbie put his hands deep in his pockets and looked hard at Aunty Lou.

Then he said, 'You're a joker, Aunty Lou, but I'll do it. Only I won't cry when I'm a man, or a little man, either!'—'Christian Age.'

Don't Muzzle.

(By Hilda Richmond, in 'Journal and Messenger.')

Richard was playing on the lawn when two men passed the house talking. 'It's the law,' one man was saying. 'If you keep a dog you've got to have him muzzled, or the police will take him.'

'Do you suppose they mean it?' asked the other man. 'We wouldn't like to give up our dog.'

'Of course they mean it. You'd better get a muzzle right away. I'm going to take our Rover down this noon and have him fitted.'

Richard was badly frightened. He thought of Don curled up in his basket by the back door, and wondered if the police could find such a tiny little fellow. To be sure, Don had a sharp bark for such a crumb of a dog, and he usually barked at the wrong time. The little boy ran hastily to the house to ask grandma about the muzzle, after first looking to see that Don was safe.

'Puzzle?' said grandma, who could scarcely hear a thing. 'You know what a puzzle is, Richard.'

'I mean a muzzle,' explained Richard, as loud as he could. 'It's something for dogs.'

'Of course there are puzzles about dogs,' said the dear old lady 'Run away now, dearie. Grandma is very busy.'

Suddenly Richard thought of the big store down-town, where his grandma sent him on errands. The very next time he had to go for sugar or thread or eggs he would ask one of the clerks, for he had heard grandma say Mr. Smith kept everything for sale in his big building. He shook all the money out of his bank and wondered if that would be enough to buy a muzzle for tiny Don.

'Richard! Please run and get me ten cents' worth of soap.' It was grandma calling, and Richard ran faster than ever before to do the errand. He tied up the pennies and dimes in his dirty little handkerchief, and almost forgot about the soap in his eagerness to ask about the muzzle.

'Want a muzzle, do you sonny, That's right. The policemen are after every dog that's running wild. Will this be big enough?' asked the clerk, holding up a large wire frame, with several straps attached.

'Yes, I think so,' said Richard, pouring out his money on the counter.

'Ten cents too much,' said the man, putting a paper around the muzzle. Don't let your dog go without this, son, or you'll get into trouble.'

When he got home, Richard hurried to get Don and curl him up in the wire frame. It was a tight fit, but the little dog put his head down between his paws and made a little ball of himself, as if to help his master. While Richard was trying to see how the straps worked a man in uniform came along and stopped to watch the fun.

'Having trouble, boy?' he asked, with a twinkle in his eye.

'Yes,' said Richard, seeing it was a policeman. 'Some men said all dogs had to have muzzles, but I didn't get one big enough, I guess. You won't take Don away, will you, Mr. Policeman, until I can run to the store and ask the man for a bigger one?'

How the man in the blue suit did laugh? 'How do you expect your dog to grow in that thing, sonny?' he asked.

'That's just the reason I want to get a bigger one,' said Richard, holding up the muzzle with the poor little dog squeezed into it. 'I'm afraid this one will hurt him.'

The policeman called a big dog and showed Richard how to use a muzzle. 'Your dog won't need one for a long time yet,' he said, kindly. 'He is only a puppy.'

Richard is a big boy now, and often laughs about Don's muzzle, but it was a long time before he told any one of his mistake, for the man at the store gave him his money back and sold the muzzle to a boy with a dog big enough to draw a cart.

Mud Pies.

Of all the enjoyments under the skies
There's nothing so jolly as making mud pies.
Prepare a nice shingle or short, narrow plank,
Lay it carefully down on a bright, sunny bank.
Take the freshest of earth and the cleanest of sand
And mix them thoroughly well with your hand;
Add a cupful of water, then stir with a stick—
A little more water if it seems too thick.
Now take up a lump of this beautiful dough,
About just enough for a mud pie, you know;
Roll it softly around and give it a pat,
Don't have it too humpy and yet not too flat.
Lay it down on the board to bake in the sun—
Then make all the others just like this one.
Then sprinkle white sand over each little cake,
And leave them about fifteen minutes to bake;
And, when they are done, you'll certainly say,
'That's the best fun I've had for many a day.'
—Selected.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Correspondence

ADDRESS WANTED.

Will Jemima Swan, of E., Scotland, please send her address to the Editor.

C. N. A., N.S.

Dear Editor,—My mamma takes the 'Messenger.' I like the reading very much. I have one brother, whose name is Fred, and one sister; her name is Louise. I am nine years old. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, Oct. 3rd? I go to school, and am in the fourth grade. We live near the school, church, and post office. I am taking music lessons.

EDITH S. W.

B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write to tell you a little about B. It is situated in the heart of the Annapolis valley, in the centre of the fruit growing district. The N. S. Methodist Camp-meeting is held here every year. B. is a very pretty place in summer. I read a great many books and magazines.

'HIAWATHA.'

O., Cal.

Dear Editor,—My brother was at school one day, and it got on fire. The children went out in good order. My brother is fourteen. I go to school, and my teacher is very good to us.

My grandma and my brother were in Baltimore when they had the fire, and grandma was frightened. I have one brother and one sister. I had two brothers, but God sent for one, and so I have only one, now. I have a nice papa and mamma. I have a new home, and like it very much.

EDITH WASTELL.

B.C., N.S.

Dear Editor,—Our collie dog's name is Spot. He has had his picture taken about twenty times. He is eight years old and weighs one hundred pounds. He brings in wood and goes for the mail, and he is a very useful dog. We have a cat named Carie Nation. She is very wild, and we have never been able to tame her, and I think we will have to change her name.

G. P. LANSON.

G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—On looking over the correspondence of the 'Messenger,' and seeing so many little folks writing, I thought I would write also. I go go school, and am in the Third Book. I have four cats, named Turzy,, Leonard, Rosa, Beatrice. I have a bird, a German roller, and I call him Billie Golden. Also two dolls, Violet and Ruth.

ELLEDA YOUNG.

R., Ia.

Dear Editor.—As I have not noticed any letters from R., I thought I would write a few lines. This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger.' For pets I have a trio of Buff, Cochin, Bantams, and a fox terrier dog, and two Maltese cats. I got a harness and taught my dog Prince to pull my little waggon.

G. C. DRAKE.

R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father is a carpenter, and he works away from home from Monday morning until Saturday night. Just a field from our house, is a railway track, and I have to cross it on my way to school. Our school is about one mile from our place. I go to Sunday School, and church every Sunday, and I get the 'Northern Messenger.' The Methodist Church is about a quarter of a mile from my home. I go to school every day I can.

MAY PASKINS (age 9.)

S. S. M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have written to the 'Messenger' before. It is a nice place here, and we have a rink. My father made it. He is always making something for us to play with. I have for pets a dog, and a baby brother, the cutest, little tot you ever saw; always in mischief. In the summer time we go out into the country to Root River, and fish, swim, or pick berries. About two and a half years ago my father started giving me music lessons. I always tried to get out of them, but I like them better now.

PERCIE A. G.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Horses and Lightning.' Omer and Lillie Whitlock, D., Ill.
2. 'Pickle Jar.' Ina M. Dimock, U., N.S.
3. 'The Owl's Home.' William J. Towe, M., Ont.
4. 'Buck.' Russell Morrison.

THE SILVER POPLAR.

Little leaves of green and silver,
Are you having a ball to-day.
That you dance so gaily round me
As I sit in your boughs at play?

Do you know how much I love you?
Ah! I think perhaps you do,
'Specially when just now you touched me,
Kissed my cheek as I called to Sue.

I do love you, too, dear leaflets,
Love to greet you in the spring,
When you first come out to meet me
Decked in soft and silvery sheen.

Satiny green and shimmering silver
Are the colors I love to see.
Then I know that, down by the river,
Tommy is fishing a trout for me.

—E. MARGUERITE LAYTON.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in L., but my father owns a farm up here, so we come up every summer, and spend our holidays. We are having much fun this year, and I hope other little readers of the 'Messenger' are having as good. We had a ride on the top of a load of hay the other day. I am interested in riddles, so will send some:—

1. What goes round a button?
2. Why did the fly fly?
3. Why is dough like the sun?

The answer to the riddle 'If all the alphabet letters were invited out to tea, which would get there late?' is, u, v, w, x, y, z, as they always come after t (tea). I think Bessie B. gave it. Her other two are:—There are four (fore) in front and two behind.

2. They never keep good time.

CAROLINE MARSH.

P.

Dear Editor.—I was born in the Old Country. When I was about two years old my mother died. I had two brothers. Then they and myself lived with our father for about three years, when we were put into the Sheltering Home. We stayed there for about a month, and then we, and a lot more children came to the Distributing Home. I then I went to a home, and stayed there for about a month; then I was sent back to the Distributing Home. I was then sent to my present home.

MILLIE BROWN FINDLEY.

S., N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from here, I thought I would write. I am a little girl ten years old. My birthday is on February 2. I have read quite a few books. I think the longest word in the Bible is Mahershalalhashbaz. I am going to send a riddle. Which was the largest island in the world before Australia was discovered? The answer to Maggie Kilby's riddle is to pick the goose.

A. F. HENRY.

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was reading in the 'Messenger' yesterday the texts given by Eva Nichols. I looked up some of the S and L texts that she did not find.

Sanctify them through thy truth.—John xvii., 17.

Send ye the lamb to the ruler—Isaiah xvi., 1.

So I returned and considered.—Ecclesiastes iv., 1.

Surely thou wilt.—Psalm cxxxix., 19. Also 6 and 23 of the same.

The L.'s.—

Let thy mercies come also unto me.—Psa. cxix., 41. Also, 76, 77, 78, 132, 169, 175, 173.

I will not give any more this time. I would like someone else to have as much pleasure as I have had in hunting them up. Thank you, Eva, for starting us.

MARJORY HUNTER.

OTHER LETTERS.

Atarah D. Phillips writes a good letter from N.S. She gives the right reference for the shortest Bible verse, and guesses the cinder-sifter riddle. She asks 'Why cannot we send any more despatches to Washington?

Olive Bisson, of P.W., Que., answers Louise McIvers's riddle about the plum pudding, and Mabel Reid's second one. She gives a good one herself.—I went to the woods and got it, and after I had it I looked for it; the more I looked for it the less I liked it, and I took it home in my hand, because I couldn't find it. Your second riddle has already been asked, Olive.

Edith McMenemy, of T., Ont., sends in a correctly answered puzzle, but that puzzle wasn't given in the 'Messenger,' Edith.

May Grant, of B.M., Ont., gives the right reference for the shortest verse in the Bible, and says that Esther viii., 9, is the verse that contains fifty-three T's.

Annie Laurie, of K., Ont., is only seven years old, but she writes quite a nice letter. Her little brother broke his arm this summer, and she broke her leg last winter. You'll have to mend your ways, Annie, as well as the bones, or you'll be making the doctor too rich.

Letters were also received from M. J. T., C., N.S., from George Barton, C., B.C.; from M. E. F., Emerald; and from Lizzie and Mary Ament, Toronto.

'A Reader' gives these references to complete Eva Nichols's Bible alphabet: —For the letter L., Isa. xlv., 22; lv., 7; Psa. v., 8; I. Cor. xvi., 14; Titus ii., 13. For the letter S., Lev. xx., 7; Isa. lv., 6; John xvii., 17.

LESSON XII.—SEPTEMBER 16, 1906.

Jesus Silences the Pharisees and Sadducees.

Mark xii., 13-27.

Golden Text.

Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's.—Mark xii., 17.

Home Readings.

Monday, September 10.—Mark xii., 13-27.
Tuesday, September 11.—Mark xii., 1-12.
Wednesday, September 12.—Matt. xxii., 15-22.
Thursday, September 13.—Matt. xxii., 23-33.
Friday, September 14.—Matt. xii., 34-46.
Saturday, September 15.—Luke xx., 20-26.
Sunday, September 16.—Luke xx., 27-40.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Handel, when composing his oratorio, 'The Messiah,' was found bathed in tears. What touched him was the prophet's words, 'He was despised.' The despising of Jesus was as evident in the temple as at the cross. And physical pains are not so severe to a spiritual soul as wounds inflicted upon that higher nature. Lowell says: 'Our modern martyrdoms are done in type.' So Jesus was crucified again and again before ever He came to the cross. We come now to the last onset of His despising critics.

It is led on by the Pharisees. They have heard of the bewildering defeat Jesus had given their rivals, the Sadducees; how, in a dialectical way, He had put an end to them forever. Now, if they, the Pharisees, could get the better of this brilliant young rabbi in debate, they would score a point against the Sadducees at the same time that they blocked the way of a Teacher whose success meant the end of their system.

We can not know whether the questioner was disingenuous or not. To assert (Expositor's) that the question was asked by 'a true man,' 'a genuine inquirer,' is an assumption, and, at any rate, aside from the real point at issue. What the Pharisees wanted was to elicit from Jesus a sentiment, if possible, a categorical statement which could be used against Him in the trial for heresy impending.

The question itself illustrates the character of religion then current. It was technicality gone to seed. Literalism had killed spirituality. There was such a batch of commandments that classification seemed imperative; so there were the little and great, light and weighty. And the question which was the chief of all was naturally much mooted. A spiritual virtue was not thought of. It was, for some, washing hands; others, how to build a booth for the Feast of Tabernacles, or, at best, circumcision and keeping Sabbath.

The answer of Jesus has been called a miracle of genius, a flash of inspiration. He escaped the snare of the fowler. He allied Himself with no bickering faction. He carried the question over into an entirely new realm, where there are no disjointed commands and sacramental offices; but where there is a Life which gives continuity, vigor, and progress to the whole. With one splendid flash, as of a heavenly searchlight, Jesus discloses the permanent and fundamental element in religion— for all time and all people. Absent, it makes the Christian a heathen; present, it makes the heathen a Christian, though he may have never so much as heard of Christ. The disputatious coterie fades away. Jesus is speaking to the universal human heart. The man of to-day, technically rated an unbeliever, must recognize the Divineness of this message, and receiving it into an honest heart, must begin the life of love toward God and his fellows. And that is religion.

Too great technicality must be avoided in defining the manner of our loving God, viz., heart, soul, mind. It means, as Meyer aptly says, 'the complete, harmonious, self-dedication of the entire inner man to God.' It seems worth while, however, to emphasize the fact that we can love God with the mind. It is to be feared that, as Phillips Brooks says, 'there are ignorant saints who come very near to God and live in the rich sunlight of His love; but none the less would have escaped the labyrinth of Pharisaism. Alas! Give your intelligence to God! Know all you can about Him!'

These two principles—love to God and love to man—from which all religion flows, must be consistent with one another, otherwise they could not both be principles of the same religion. (Homiletic). Love to God is also love to His children, our fellow-men. (Geike.) Nothing is or ought to be esteemed religion that is not reducible to one or the other of these principles. (Sherlock.)

Now the questioned turned questioner. It was no Scripture conundrum, however. Jesus was really proffering them the clew of faith. If, with the spirit of teachableness, which is the prerequisite to entering all other kingdoms, as well as the kingdom of heaven, they had followed the thread, they would have escaped the labyrinth of Pharisaism. Alas! they loved the maze, and they would none of the leadership of Jesus. They would not welcome Him as Son of David and Son of God. So it ended with their finding themselves in the same plight as the Sadducees. But the mouths that were gagged might have been vocal with hosannas.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. Jesus moral agony; greater than physical; cause of it. Contradiction of sinners against Himself. Effort to entangle Him in His words. Refusal to accept Him or His message.

(1) Particular instance: Pharisees' covert attack. Effort to elicit a criminating statement. The chief commandment; mooted because of number and variety.

(2) Jesus' answer; partisanism avoided. Substance of religion, a Life. Characteristic of that Life—love; toward God, toward man.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The whole last week of Jesus' life He was continuously engaged in cleansing the temple. Only the whip of small cords with which He drove out the gross profaners changed to the sword of His mouth, with which He slew the refined, hypocritical perverters of the sanctuary. The sacred inclosure, called the treasury, became an arena which witnessed an unparalleled dialectical tournament.

* * * *

A towering, united, invincible ecclesiasticism set itself for the overthrow of a Teacher whose spirit and doctrine it justly recognized as entirely inimical. It had to do it if it would perpetuate itself. It was the instinctive dictate of self-preservation.

* * * *

Jealous fear made strange bed-fellows. Pharisee, the paragon of orthodoxy, and Sadducee who stood for heterodoxy, like Pilate and Herod, were made friends in a day, and both consorted with the supposedly unpatriotic Herodians. This triple alliance could hardly fail to compass its end. It was only a question of means to use.

* * * *

The importance of this climacteric controversy is apparent from the large space given to the account of it. Twenty-five chapters in the four Gospels are devoted to the last week of Jesus' life.

* * * *

Through the opaque surface of a hard, polished, conventional ecclesiasticism Jesus shot the Roentgen ray of His omniscience. Beneath the whitened surface the moral filth of an inveterate depravity was brought to light.

* * * *

The temple witnessed the fiercest dialectical contest ever seen. It was fought to the finish. Jesus was victor. His denunciations fell like strokes of lightning. None could stand before Him. He was like refiner's fire and fuller's soap.

* * * *

The principle of stewardship underlies all individual, national, and ecclesiastical life. Nothing is held in fee-simple. All is in trust for the infinite Proprietor. The Lord's collectors are ever appearing to demand His portion.

* * * *

The happy, prosperous, useful, individual, national, and ecclesiastical life is that in which the principle of stewardship is recognized, its rightness conceded, and its requisitions met.

* * * *

There is no escaping the retribution of Divine justice. How short-lived the victory of Jewish ecclesiasticism over Jesus! Into what an awful maelstrom and how soon, temple with its godly stones and gifts, city, nation—all were swept!.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, September 16.—Topic— Christ's life. XI. How Christ met His enemies, and how we should meet ours.

Junior C. E. Topic.

ONE SIN LEADS TO ANOTHER.

Monday, September 10.—Naaman the leper.—II. Kings v., 1-4.

Tuesday, September 11.—The visit to Elisha. II. Kings v., 5-9.

Wednesday, September 12.— Naaman's cure. II. Kings v., 10-14.

Thursday, September 13.—The offered reward. II. Kings v., 15, 16 .

Friday, September 14.—Gehazi's covetousness. II. Kings v., 20.

Saturday, September 15.—Gehazi's lies. II. Kings v., 21-25.

Sunday, September 16.—Topic—How one sin leads to another. II. Kings v., 20-27.

Counsel by One who Knows.

Some wise words by the late Russell Sage, the well-known New York millionaire, to intending speculators, given in a newspaper interview, are worthy of a wide public: 'Many fortunes are made on Wall Street every month. What the newspapers tell the public about these is true. But what we never see in the newspapers are accounts of the large fortunes that are lost in the same place, in the same length of time. The fact cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of intending Wall Street speculators, that for every dollar gained in Wall Street there is a dollar lost, and as the people who gain the dollars are always well-known old-timers in the business, it follows clearly that the people who lose the dollars are the new-comers. It often happens, too, that in an unguarded moment an old-timer is ruined in Wall Street; but it is always the other old-timers who benefit by his collapse—the new-comers do not figure in the deal.' And this is true in other places than New York.

A Strange Order.

Shop-keepers who do a business by mail sometimes are the recipients of curious letters. Here is one that was recently received by a London firm from a gold miner in Alaska. 'Gentlemen,—Enclosed you will find an envelope which you will tear up in small pieces and place in a glass of water; let it soak for an hour or so, then stir and drain off slowly; add more water and drain, and you will find thirty grains of gold for which you will send me a stylographic pen wrapped up in a late newspaper.' These instructions were duly carried out, and the gold valued at 5s. obtained in exchange for which the ingenious miner was sent a stylographic pen wrapped up in two newspapers.—'Dominion Presbyterian.'

The Children.

Take heed of this small child of earth;
  He is great; in him is God most high.
Children before their fleshly birth
  Are lights in the blue sky.

In our brief bitter world of wrong
  They come; God gives us them awhile,
His speech is in their stammering tongue,
  And His forgiveness in their smile.

Their sweet light rests upon our eyes,
  Alas! their right to joy is plain.
If they are hungry, Paradise
  Weeps, and if cold, heaven thrills with pain.

The want that saps their sinless flower
  Speaks judgment on sin's ministers.
Man holds an angel in his power,
  Ah! deep in heaven what thunder stirs.

When God seeks out these tender things,
  Whom in the shadow where we keep,
He sends them clothed about with wings,
  And finds them ragged babes that weep!
—Victor Hugo.

Mrs. Jenkins and her Twins.

(Mrs. Joel O. Turney, in the 'National Advocate.')

'Your daughter needs a tonic, Mrs. Wells,' said the physician when called to prescribe for Alice, the only daughter of the beautiful home. She was not sick, only 'run down' since the excitement previous to her final examinations and her subsequent graduation. 'Port wine,' he continued, 'is perfectly harmless and will tone up her system and in a month work a great change.' So the port wine was purchased and given as directed, and with seemingly excellent results. 'Such pleasant medicine,' Alice pronounced it, and a second supply was brought, and after that was gone, Alice bought some more without her mother's knowledge, and every time she was without it she had such an 'all gone' feeling that she thought she must have some more. So all of the following winter, when the flush on her cheek was such a rich crimson, and the sparkle in her eyes so bright, none dreamed that much of it was brought there by the tonic so often taken, and so skillfully hidden from the mother who trusted her so completely. And when Howard Jenkins, a most worthy young man, with a paying business, asked her hand in marriage, having already won her heart, her parents' consent was freely given, and none dreamed that down in a corner of her trunk, when she went on her wedding journey, was safely packed a bottle of port wine. At last, she herself began to see that she was becoming a slave to the habit, and she resolutely fought it, and none but herself knew how sore was the battle, but she conquered, for a time at least, till one day her husband came home and found her suffering from a chill, so he said, 'I'll fix you some medicine,' and prepared a dose of Jamaica ginger, which she took, and lo, the old demon was aroused within her, and she took dose after dose till it was all gone, and then bought more port wine. After a while two beautiful babies were born to them—twins, a boy and a girl, and as she was frail and weak, the physician sanctioned her taking port wine to 'build her up.' She took it more and more often until at last the fact could no longer be disguised from the loving eyes of the husband or the sneering ones of the servant that she was very often far under the influence of the awful stimulant. Sometimes it made her gay and hilarious, and at others stupid and foolish. She tried once more to fight the appetite; but it had taken deeper root than before, till at last one awful day, the husband and father was summoned from his place of business to find his house on fire, his wife terribly burned, the charred body of his baby girl taken from the fire, and only the baby boy unharmed. When Alice recovered from her awful burns, she told how she had taken more wine than usual and fallen asleep with the babies at her side, and awakened to find the fire raging, and the one baby past help. A saddened, remorseful woman, she again took her place in her home, and never did another drop of anything containing alcohol pass her lips. When her husband sought to comfort her, she would say in heartrending tones, 'Oh, if I could only undo the past, and bring my baby back!' And then she would add, 'If only you had not given me that Jamaica ginger, I believe I never would have cared for the port wine again.' Her husband would tell her that they had their boy left, and they would plan as to how carefully they would bring him up, and never let him taste any of the awful stuff, and dared to hope he would grow up to be a comfort to them in after years. The boy, Ralph by name, was very bright, and a fine scholar; but of a very nervous temperament. When he was seventeen he had pneumonia, and at the crisis of the disease the physician said he could not live unless he gave him alcoholic stimulants to tide him over. So against the wishes of the parents, the nurse acted according to the physician's orders and gave the stimulant. He recovered, bute the very domens of Hell seemed aroused within him in a thirst for liquor; as thirst that would not be denied, and night after night he was brought home to his agonized parents drunk! They sent him to 'cures' and inebriate asylums, with but temporary recovery; and the verdict of each physician was, 'He seems to have inherited the appetite; it seems to be a very part of his bone and tissue.' And the mother said, 'Yes, he inherited the appetite from me.' At last he seemed to have lost all will power, and unless stupefied from the effects of liquor, would become first moody and sulky, and afterward theatening and dangerous, until at last after having more than one attack of delirium tremens, his reason seemed wholly gone. It was found necessary to send him to an asylum for the incurably insane, and there he is now, a wretched, hopeless maniac at twenty-eight, while his father and mother, more wretched than he, sit by their desolate hearth, surrounded by every luxury that money can buy, yet old before their time, and more sorrowful than tongue can tell. So they say to me, 'Tell our story to the world, write it that others may be warned, that never by physician's prescription or by home treatment shall others suffer as we and ours have done.'

Could we but Foresee!

Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first glass of wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation and be made to understand what going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will, to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin—could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly, with feebler outcry, to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation; to make him clasp his teeth,

And not undo 'em
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.
—Charles Lamb.

The Chinaman at Home.

The Chinaman is a teetotaler. Nor is any other intoxicating drink employed as a substitute for alcohol. The one and only beverage is tea. This is always being consumed, except during meal times. It is always served hot, except in the street and during the extreme heat of summer; and since it is consumed fresh, without being allowed to stand, it contains the minimum amount of tanin or albaloids. . . . To the absence of stimulants is partly attributed the placidity and equanimity of the Chinese nervous system, and also the marked rarity of epilepsy, hysteria, and various forms of insanity. Three diseases markedly and increasingly characteristic of European civilization—appendicitis, diabetes and cancer—are extremely rare amongst the Chinese.—Dr. Brunet.

Be Strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle face it. 'Tis God's gift.
  Be strong!

Say not the days are evil—Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up; speak out; and bravely, in God's name,
  Be strong!

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long.
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song!
—Maltbie D. Babcock.

Evils of Cigaretts.

In Tennessee, near Nashville, a bright boy of much promise, the delight of friends and idol of parents, became suddenly demented as the direct effects of smoking cigarettes, and, arming himself, attempted to kill his father.

The father tried every way possible to prevent it, succeeding only by way of himself shooting his own demented boy, lodging a shot in the limb.

Lying in jail of a certain county in California to-day is a boy once bright and fair, but now under the awful charge of having slain his mother.

The daily papers claim he was insane when he committed the deed, and is now.

Boys, don't smoke. You will find many who do smoke regret that they ever contracted the habit, but you will not find of all your acquaintances one who does not smoke regret the fact he never learned how. —'Religious Intelligencer.'

Hound the iniquitous liquor traffic—keep on its bloody trail until it is stamped from the land and from the face of the earth.

OFFER WITHDRAWN.

Our free brooch offer has created much interest among 'Messenger' readers, and we beg to thank them for the names sent in of Sunday Schools not taking the 'Messenger.' We have faithfully kept our part of the agreement, and any sender who has not received either the brooch or a card of notification will know that this was because the information they sent was incomplete, and did not fulfil the conditions of the offer.

We will at any time be pleased to receive from our friends names of Sunday Schools not taking the 'Messenger,' but we must now recall the offer of a brooch free for this information, except in so far as this applies to rural schools in Saskatchewan, Alberta, or other parts of the West where the great influx of settlers causes Sunday Schools to spring up that can ill afford a great outlay for papers, yet that would most keenly appreciate the good Sunday reading contained in the 'Messenger.'

Any coupons mailed on or before date of this paper will be promptly honored, but from this date the offer is withdrawn.

HOUSEHOLD.

At Night.

(Clara Waterman Bronson, in the 'Congregationalist.')

He plays with his noisy comrades
From dawn until sunset dim;
And I am all forgotten,
Though I live my life for him.
'Tis the call to boyish daring
Has power to make him glad,
Not the low and tender love-notes
I would sing to my little lad.

No height that he dare not venture,
No game too rough and long;
Thank God he is brave and fearless!
Thank God he is lithe and strong!
But, oh, I long for the evening,
When I can hold him tight;
Though he wander far in the sunshine,
He is always mine at night.

O Love that broods above us!
O Love that clings and stays!
How like children we forget thee
Through our sunny, selfish days!
But comrades leave and grieve us,
And fades the cheery light;
Then we look for arms outstretching—
We would come to thee at night!

Selected Recipes.

STUFFED ONIONS.—Parboil white onions for ten minutes, then with a sharp knife cut a slice from the tops and remove centres. Fill cavities with a mixture of chopped cooked meat—chicken, sweetbreads or veal—and an equal quantity of fine bread crumbs moistened with cream or melted butter and seasoned to taste. A few mushrooms chopped with the meat imparts a delicious flavor. Place the stuffed onions in well-buttered muffin pans to preserve their shape, sprinkle with buttered bread or cracker crumbs and bake in a moderate oven until tender.

CHICKEN PIE.—Prepare chickens as for fricassee and stew until tender in just enough water to cover. Make a crust with four cups of flour sifted with four level teaspoons of baking powder, and one saltspoon of salt. Rub in a rounding tablespoon of lard and mix with cold water enough to make a dough that can be rolled out. Line the bottom and sides of the dish. Season the chicken with salt and pepper and put into the lined dish and add two cups of the broth. Cover the top with a crust from which a circular piece is cut an inch and a half in diameter. As the pie cooks pour in a little more of the broth. The pie will take about one and one-half hours to bake.

To one cup of the broth remaining in the kettle where the chickens were cooked add one-half cup of milk with a level tablespoon of flour dissolved in it. Cook smooth and serve as a gravy with the pie. Season to the taste.

Religious Notes.

There were only 40 teetotallers in the last British Parliament; in the present there are 120, the large increase being due to the Labor representation, who, almost to a man, are water drinkers.

A correspondent at Cape Town sends the following:—Miss Ferguson, of the Wellington Seminary, says:—'I have recently heard Dr. Kusman, who has just come from the Soudan. He tells of some of the natives there, Pagans, who come together Sunday after Sunday, who kneel in silence with hands outstretched to God, and remain for hours waiting. When a visitor asked what they were doing they said, "We are praying, White Man." "To whom are you praying?" "To the God of the White Man." "But you say nothing." "We do not know what to say, White Man; we want a teacher to come and teach us to pray.' "And how long have you been doing this?" "For months, White Man. We come together every Sabbath day, and reach out our hands to the God of the White Man."'

That science is learning these high lessons is evidenced by many recent utterances at the British Association gatherings. The present president, Prof. Ray Lankester, in his inaugural address, commenting on the late Bishop Creighton's remark that 'Religion means the knowledge of our destiny,' added, 'We can say no more and no less of science. Men of science seek, in all reverence, to discover the Almighty, the Everlasting. They claim sympathy and friendship with those who, like themselves, have turned away from the more material struggle of human life, and have set their hearts and minds on the knowledge of the Eternal.' This, it may be gratefully said, involves a great change of attitude and temper from the crude materialism of a few years ago. When science becomes as truly religious as this pronouncement suggests, a great and needless feud, which has lasted too long, will be happily and profitably ended.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

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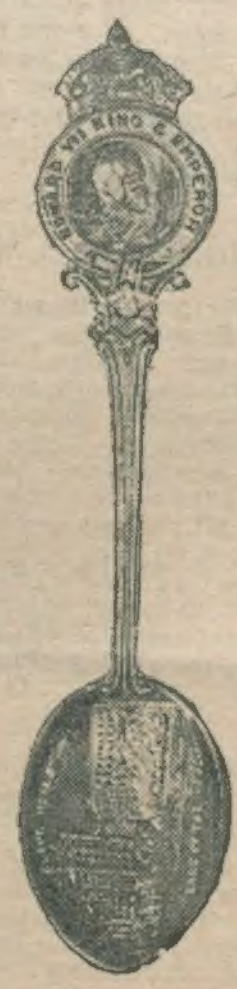
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

STERLING==SPOONS==SILVER

No. 1

1.—Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoons, (See Cut No. 1), bright silver finish or richly gilt. The handle is ornamented with coat-of-arms of each province, in fine hard enamel, or with enamel maple leaf for Alberta and Saskatchewan, whose coat-of-arms is not yet authorized. The great attraction about this spoon is that we will have the bowl HAND ENGRAVED TO YOUR ORDER, with any single name you choose—your surname—your Christian name—or the name of your town. This is a rare chance for residents in new districts to get a handsome Souvenir Spoon that they could not buy locally for any money. These Spoons, with Christian name engraved, would form a most ACCEPTABLE PRESENT for any one. When intended as a gift we will mail direct postpaid and registered to any address, with sender's card enclosed, if supplied. This spoon retails regularly at $1.25. One of these spoons given for new subscriptions to any of our publications to the value of $1.80

2.—Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoon (See Cut No. 2), with head of either King or Queen on handle, and bowl stamped with Parliament Buildings, Ottawa; silver finish or gilt as preferred. Retails at $1.25. One of these spoons is given for new subscriptions to the value of $1.80



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